My Liege and Madam, to expoſtulate
What maieſtie ſhould be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the ſoule of wit,
And tediouſneſſe the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be briefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madneſſe,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Madam, I ſweare Iuſe no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idoll the moſt beautified
Ophelia, that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the ſtars are fiee, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adiew. Thine euermore moſt deare Ladie, whileſt this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings

16 graunt 36 recken my grones 37 to him. *Hamlet.*